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SALINA, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1880.

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THE PANTAGRAPH



BINDER

AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE.

THE BEST and CHEAPEST.

A MIDNIGHT WOOER.

Now, to have lost our way in the bustling streets of a city, where the first person we had met could have put us in the right track again, would us in the right track again, would have been a thing of little consequence, but to have lost our way in a moun-tainous Welsh district, where we might walk for miles without encountering aught human, was a very different affair.

affair.

I was fortunate in my companion. He was one who feared nothing by daylight or dark, and our groping about was to him only a source of amusement. I, however, was not quite so easy in my mind, and would willingly have availed myself of the first shelter on the way, and waited for the daylight; but even here I was defeated for shelter there was none. Our ed, for shelter there was none. Our intention had been to reach Pont Neath Vaughan, a little village of half a dozen houses, situated on the bord-ers of Brecknockshire, and in the imers of Breckhockshire, and in the immediate vicinity of some of the most
beautiful scenery of South Wales, and
we had gained the beautiful vale of
Neath on a lovely moonlight night,
but the mountains that surrounded
the vale and the dusky foliage made
our path so obscure, that it was impossible to follow it, and we were continually in doubt as to the turning we
should take. In one place a little should take. In one place, a little bridge crossed a brawling rivulet, over which we ought to have passed, but immediately in front of it a limekiln was throwing up a quantity of blue, purple, and yellow flames, making the scene around resemble the wolf's glen in "Der Freischutz" and we came upon this unearthly glare so suddenly

that we did not see the dark opening behind it, and in five minutes, were entirely lost.

We wandered for an hour or two in complete darkness, guided only by the noise of the streamlet rushing over the noise of the streamlet rushing over the masses of rock that formed its rugged bed, till at length we came to a house of good size, and shouted lustily for some information as to the way to the village. I rattled at the garden gate, and immediately the loud barking of two or three dogs seemed to arouse the slumbering inmates, for in a short time, a man came down to the gate, not so thoroughly dressed as a D'Ortime, a man came down to the gate, not so thoroughly dressed as a D'Orsay would have considered essential. He imagined us to be no better than we ought to be, for, as he leaned forward to look at us, I heard a most uapleasant "click," and by the light of the moon, which now rose above the distant hills, I perceived a huge horse pistol. Again, we were in difficulty, for he could not speak a word of English, and our Welsh vocabulary was limited to a few conventional phrases. limited to a few conventional phrases. We, however, contrived to make him understand that we had lost our way whereupon our worthy friend hastened into the house, called, and was answered in a pleasant female voice, and shortly afterward, a beautiful girl of some two or three and twenty summers made her appearance, with a light in her hand, and a conference in

miles from our destination. The own-er of the house seemed to be a respect-able farmer—a plain, homely kind of man, who evidently was quite willing man, who evidently was quite willing that we should make ourselves perfectly at home. His daughter was somewhat superior to her class.

Priscilla Owen welcomed us into the house in the most genial manner, and began to make up the fire, which had almost died out. Throwing on several

huge logs of dry wood, a cheerful blaze was soon ascending the cavern-like chimney. Spreading a table cloth that yied in whiteness with the winter snow, she set before us the remains of a ham, some bread and cheese, and some capital old Welsh ale. Morethan once before, we had been hospitably entertained at lonely farm-houses in entertained at lonely farm-houses in wild mountain districts, and had with great difficulty persuaded our enter-tainers to accept remuneration. But really the fair daughter of our host seemed as desirous of pleasing us as though she had been the landlady of a wayside inn. After supper, we narrated our used-up experiences, which, for her father's edification, she translated. Her mother, also a straight backed, bright-cyel, gray-haired old lady, such as one seldom sees, except at a country fireside, joined us, speaking English quite as well as her daughter. Having once been in London, she was eager to hear anything respecting that wonderful city. So the time passed cheerfully enough for an hour or ed cheerfully enough for an hour or two, and nobody seemed to think of

creased to a perfect hurricane. It was late in the Autumn, and the weather late in the Autumn, and the weather had hitherto been particularly fine, but now it seemed as if the spirit of winter had strode suddenly upon the smiling landscape. The rain fell in torrents, and was beating against the diamond-paned-casement with fearful violence. We could hear the babbling rivulet we had lately left, gradually changing its tone, swollen by the floods that poured into it from the mountain ridges, till it roared like a cataract.

The tall trees in the valley, as they swayed to and fro, by the violence of swayed to and fro, by the violence of the wind, seemed to groan beneath the restless hand of some invisible demon of the storm. The wind howled down the chimney, and battled with the cheerful blaze for the mastery. So violent and so sudden was the ap-proach of the storm, that a sentiment of awe seemed to take possession of the party, and the conversation drop-ped.

My friend L was the first to break the silence. In one of the lulls of the tempest, he "Do you think, at this moment, of the invisible world?"

He had divined my thoughts; for

He had divined my thoughts; for the influence of the roaring torrent without, the creaking branches, the pattering rain, the weird voice of the wind, whistling its fantasies inharmo-niously in the chimney, acted power-fully upon my imagination, and con-jured up phantoms of the past, and wild dreams of the future, that would have vanished instantly, on a calm and neaceful evening.

pattering rain, the weird voice of the wind, whistling its fantasies inharmoniously in the chimney, acted powerfully upon my imagination, and conjured up phantoms of the past, and wild dreams of the future, that would have vanished instantly, on a calm and peaceful evening.

I had sunk so deeply into a reverie, that I did not for a moment answer the remark, but involuntarily, as though the spectress my imagination had conjured up now stood palpably before me, I gazed vacantly round the large and dimly-lighted room. My example evidently moved Priscilla to make a similar examination. She saw that I noticed her, and smiled faintly, but immediately became very pole, and sat for some time looking thoughtfully into the fire.

"I am no believer in supernatural appearances," said my companion, "but really there are more things in Heaven and earth than are drempt of in our philosophy."

"Traveling once in France, I put up at a little wayside hoted, asking first I could be accommodated for the night. Mine host accured me, with a great deal of French politeness, that the house would indeed be honored with Monsieur's presence—all of which, Monsieur perfectly understood, would be charged for next day in the bill. However, Monsieur, doubling if he wise, and daughter left us, and the wife of our ghost brother, was the handlord came to me with the most and present and the wife of our ghost brother, and the wife of our ghost brother, and the wife of our ghost brother, when the handlord came to me with the most and the wife of o ture of cunning and apol-nce that I had ever seen, countrainee of a French

"There was one little circumstance he regretted not to have informed Monsieur of,' he said.
"What was that?' I asked.
"Well, to be sure, it was nothing very serious, and Monsieur, being a brave Englishman, would certainly think nothing of it; but the only chamber he could spare was one in the rear of the premises, and separated from the main building. Monsieur would, however, find a magnificent apartment, and as to any slight noises Monsieur might hear in the night, he need not be alarmed thereat."
"All this was said in a very deprecatory tone. I laughed at the man's artfulness, in withholding this information till it was too late to try another house, and assured him that to spend the night in a haunted room was rather an agreeable excitement than otherwise, and begged him to send me instantly some supper and a bottle of his best wine.

"Diable' They are a strange race."

stantly some supper and a bottle of his best wine.

"Diable! They are a strange race, these English," I heard him mutter to another guest, as he descended the stairs to give orders for my repast.

"I retired to rest, but in case the pretended ghost might turn out to be a robber, I took the precaution to load my pistols, and place them on my pillow. I had no fear—none in the least—but the mere fact of expecting something, kept me awake.

"For two or three hours, all was silent as death, and I was just beginning a comfortable doze, when tramp! tramp! came a footstep, upon the staircase leading to my bedroom. These steps were so regular, that they seemed to be more the action of a machine than anything human. They came nearer and nearer. I sat up in bed and grasped one of my pistols, when the door was burst open with a terrific crash, and"—

At this point of the narrative, my friend stopped abruptly, for a long, melancholy howl from the dogs was heard above the noise of the tempest, and the latch of the outer door clicked sharply. The door was opened hastily, and a tall, finely formed young man, in a foreign garb, stood there. Before any one had time to discover the features of the stranger, Priscilla rushed towards him with an exclamation of glad surprise, and then a strange

revulsion of feeling seized her. We were all chilled and astonished, for the manner of the man was very strange and unusual.

He answered not Priscilla, but fixed his eyes first on one, and then on another of the party, at the same time beekoning and pointing towards the door with frantic gestures. At length he seized me by the shoulder, as though he would have dragged me out of the room. I recoiled from him, for his whole expression was savage, and almost unearthly. For a second he stood in a fixed attitude, then turning suddenly, dashed out of the room, while the terrified Priscilla fainted; and farmer Owen, seizing his gun from a cor-

mer Owen, seizing his gun from a cor-ner of the room, dashed down the lane at a rapid pace in the only direction his strange visitor could have taken. Leaving the affrighted girl with her mother, L.— and I took a lantern, and guided somewhat by its feeble light, followed the farmer. We made our Welsh took place between the father and daughter, for such appeared to be their relationship. The end of this was, that the young lady, in good English, invited us to stay till daylight, and informed us that we were several and informed us that we were several to the country of the country

hunting experiences had rendered him quicker of hearing than me. This time I fancied I heard a long, wild cry for help at some considerable distance.

"Let us go at once," said L.—.

Forgetting the state of the road and the lateness of the hour in the excitement of the moment, we made for the direction of the sound. By-and-by, we came to a turn in the narrow road, and a faint moan was heard close at hand. A moment afterwards, and the cries for help were explained.

cries for help were explained.

A young man lay on the roadside, apparently injured, and beside him stood our friend the farmer, and the stranger who had so abruptly entered the farm house.

We assisted to carry the young man to the house, but before we arrived he begged us to put him down. In the confusion of the storm and the darkness of the night, he had mistaken his ess of the night, he had mistaken his

ness of the night, he had mistaken his footing at a place where the stream was crossed by a rude stone bridge, and had fallen down a steep ravine. He assured us, however, that he was not much injured by the fall.

As he spoke, the farmer took the lantern and held it close to the young man's face, and said some words in Welsh, which the stranger replied to in the same language. in the same language.

I could not fail to remark the extra-

ordinary likeness between the injured man and our silent visitor; but when we went into the house, the latter we went into the house, the latter young man darted forward to Priscilla, who exclaimed:

"Are you Phillip or a spirit?"

He endeavored to calm her agita-tion, and Priscilla, when she was somewhat reassured, asked how he came in before, making such strange gestures, and leaving without saying a word.

a word.

"Why, bless the girl, that was not I," Phillip replied, "that was my brother Arthur. Everybody says he resembles me, and I think he must,

ndeed, when even you cannot tell the "But why did he not speak and tell

"But why did he not speak and tell us what was the matter—(Phillip had told her briefly how the accident happened, and assured her many times over that he was not hurt)—and why has he not come back with you?"

We looked round the room and perceived, for the first time, that our strange visitor was missing.

"It is useless calling after him," said Phillip; "he lodges at Llandaff, and no doubt he has gone back there. Unfortunately he had a sunstroke at Bombay, and never quite recovered

Bombay, and never quite recovered from it, and the least excitement paralyzes his entire faculties."

But why have I not heard from you,

NUMBER 18.

Manner Among Those With Whom

"Do I know General Grant? I should think I did. Why, away back in 1859 his father, Jessie R., who was keeping a hide and leather store just up the street here—although his other two sons, Stimson or Simpson, and Orville were running it—came to me and said to me: 'Van, I'm going to bring Ulysses up here and put him to work in the store.' I told him I thought it was a good idea, though I didn't know for the life of me who Ulysses was, where he was, or what he was doing. 'Ulysses,' continned Jesse, 'is my other son. He's been living on a farm near St. Louis for some time, but he don't seem to get the hang of it. He don't have the knack of farming, somehow; he lets everything go at loose ends instead of keeping the place in order and I'm going to change him around.'"

The speaker was an old resident of Galena, who had the personal history of 'Rus' Jones, Ben Campbell, General Chetlain, John Hitt and other Chicagoama, whilom residents of this city, at his tongue's and. As he had evidently struck his favorite theme he was allowed to continue for some time without interruption.

"Well in a short time along came Ulysses, and went to work in the store for twelve dollars a month. His position was more like that of a porter than anything else. Day after day Pve seen him lug the green hides into the store as they were delivered from country teams, and then scrape them to get off all the superfluous meat and fat. Whenever an order came in after the express wagon had made its last round, Ulysses served the purpose of a team. Many a time have I seen him plodding along with a big roil of leather on his shoulder which he was taking to the express office. He was a clever, quiet sort of fellow, and everybody liked him.

"I kept a hat-store in those days, and Ulysses always bought his hats of me. We had a custom, then, of sending bills around on the 1st of January and the 1st of July. I always sent the bills for Ulysses's hats to the store, and Orville paid them. After the war Ulysser came back here and came to my store. Said he:

once fitted him to a nicety with a seven and a quarter. That I had remembered his size so many years seemed to please him. He took the hat and left leaving his military hat to be sent around to him. Scarcely had he gone out of the store when people commenced to his store when people commenced. around to him. Scarcely had he gone out of the store when people commenced dropping in. 'Did General Grant leave his hat here?' they would ask. When I told them he had left it, they would say: "Oh, let me try it on, to see how I would look in it.' I humored them for a time, but their curiosity presently got to be such a nuisance that I boxed the article up hurriedly and

pointed, we returned to the cottage. The storm had somewhat abated. It was now midnight, and we were near the house, when L exclaimed:
"Did you hear that?"

and wet, cold, weary, and disappears are compliment and left. That's the way he does with everybody around here. Why, he'd just as soon stop on the street and talk ten minutes with a drayman whom he used to know, as "Did you hear that?"
I listened for some time, but could hear nothing.
"There—there—again. You must the his former self than when he first came back from the army. He seem-

ed to rather try to keep out of the way, then, but now he puts kimself in everybody's way in the course of time." "Electioneering, is he?" "No, sir. Nobody would ever know "No, sir. Nobody would ever know from anything he says that he is a can-didate for the presidency, or any other office. He talks about everything but politics, and as soon as politics are al-luded to he at once changes the subect, takes no part in the conversation

or leaves."

The above is given as a fair sample of what the average old citizen of Galena has to say of the third-term aspirant. The details vary with the relator, but the outlines are substantially the

General Grant's daily life, at Galena is unostentations and quiet. His resi-idence, so surrounded by shrubbery that only the chimneys are visible at any distance, is situated on the low hills west of the Galena river, which hills west of the Galena river, which divides the city into two very unequal sections, nearly all the business and nine-tenths of the inhabitants being on the east side. The forenoon is generally devoted to his correspondence, which is quite extensive, and to reading the newspapers. Along about two o'clock in the afternoon, the general usually "mosey's" across the bridge on foot, and stroils leisurely up the principal street, saluting his acquaintances foot, and strois leisurely up the principal street, saluting his acquaintances in an easy way, and now and then stopping to converse with some one and inquire after the babies. He is pretty sure to drop into the postoffice, the First National bank, and General W. R. Rowley's office, for an informal chat, add half a dozen other places are pointed out as his "favorite resorts." One of the latter is a small grocery store kept by B. F. Felt, where the old stagers congregate, and sitting cross-legged on stools and dry goods boxes, sagely enunciate wisdom between whiffs drawn from their clay and root pipes. Here the conversation boxes, sagely enunciate wisdom between whiffs drawn from their clay
and root pipes. Here the conversation
touches on war, mining, merchandising, horses, the crops and old times.
Not unfrequently a new comerbroaches politics. Instantly, to all appearances, Grant's interest in the conversation ceases; or, to put it more properly, perhaps, he is seemingly unobservant of all such remarks, taking no
cognizance of them, and immediately
breaks in with a war anecdote, a bit of
experience he had abroad, an inquiry
about neighbor Ryan's colts—anything to change the subject. Failing
in this, he endures the Lore in silence
for a few moments, and leisurely stalks
out in search of more congenial quarters. Hetween five and six o'clock he
slowly heads for the bridge, crosses
over, ascends the gentle slope, and is
soon lost to view in the direction of
his home. In the evening he seldom
leaves his house. If he has callers, as
he frequently has, he entertains them
with accounts of his trip around the
world, which are quite interesting,
showing that he has been a close observer, and has pretty thoroughly diested what he has seen. If there are

server, and has pretty thoroughly di-gested what he has seen. If there are no nocturnal visitors, the evening hours are devoted to reading and to

hours are devoted to reading and to correspondence.

This is the way the average day is spent. Occasionally there are exceptions. On yesterday the General and Mrs. Grant and a lady friend, spent the afternoon driving around in their carriage and making numerous formal calls. Early this forenoon the general accepted an invitation from a friend to drive into the country, and it was considerably after 6 P. M. when people on the main street spoke in a low tone, "There comes General Grant," and all eyes were respectfully bent upon the two occupants of a top lungry leisurely propelled by a span of somewhat juded bays. As Grant recognis-

ument Association, of which General Grant is president. The charitable ob-ject, the attendance of the distinguish-ed guests, and the novelty of the en-tertainment, most of the participants being well-known society people who had never before been behind the foot-

had never before been behind the foot-lights—one, or all of these attractions combined—served to fill the hall with as fashionable an audience as Galena can furnish. But few people were to be seen on the street at night, and they were kept busy making excuses for their absence from Turner hall and re-ceiving from others. Galena is proud of Grant, as a local celebrity, and takes advantage of every opportunity to advantage of every opportunity to

YOUNG NAPOLEON'S DEATH.

Mr. Beecher Finds a Moral in the Union of England and France at his Funeral. Mr. Beecher spoke, in his sermon of Mr. Beecher spoke, in his serious the death of the young Louis Napoleon as an event "calculated to bring to as an event "calculated to bring to "" "It the death of the young Louis Napoleon as an event "calculated to bring to mind a thousand years of history," "It is only a few years," he said, "since all Great Britain was a globe of fire raised to repel the threatened invasion of the great Napoleon. Was there ever a probability that one of his line should die and Albion be the chief mourner? That his funeral should be celebrated in Great Britain and be attended by her sovereign and princes? In Great Britain but a short time ago everybody was nerved to destroy France. The accession of his successor in the line of Bonapartes was not less wonderful than his own. An exile and an adventurer from a prison he became the second emperor. In his time it was that the hand of amity was extended across the channel, and Britain and France cordially shook hands. He brought from Spain a brilliant scion of a noble family, and almost in spite of the royal families of Europe, he put her upon the most brilliant throne in the world and ruled for many years largely in the spirit of modern times. He was a man wiser than he had the largely in the spirit of modern times. He was a man wiser than he had the repute of being, and far more foolish than others thought he was. And yet this event has shown how hollow was this event has shown how hollow was
the empire, how feeble was his genius.
It is one of the strong things in history and drama that he was overthrown by that nation whom the great
Napoleon overthrew. Nobody ought
to think the terms imposed upon
France by Germany too severe, for the
tears and the sighs of the empire for
more than fifty years were behind the
councilors. In the language of scripture, it may be said of Eugenie that
"the mother took the child" and found
her home in England, and that, after her home in England, and that, after the death of her husband Engenie

lived nourishing the ambition of her son. And this is where that son was dred years, that this substantially, are represented in the burial of this young nan. Look at the progress that has and France are joined together, that had for centuries been at enmity. But now for nearly a quarter of a century the two countries have lived in peace with each other. The lion and not exactly the lamb, the leopard rather, I boxed the article up hurriedly and have lain down together and the beir of the imperial throne has found a home in England and entered her return from abroad?"

"Oh, yes. He called to see me one military school, and in gratitude for is most emblamatic and typical. This young Frenchman seems to have been a young man rich in education and not altogether wanting in ability, though of that he was too young to have made proof. In this union of two such nations, divided only by language and by a parrow channel that guage and by a narrow channel, that guage and by a narrow channel, that have been antagonistic for over a thou-sand years, is there not a sign of the way in which the battle is going? Is there not a token of gradual progress of sympathy, kindness, benevolence? In this scene at Chiselhurt, beyond all question, the central figure was not the royal Victoria, the queen of Great Britain and the empress of India. It was Eugenie. Brought up in Spain, was Eugenie. Brought up in Spain, by an unexpected development of events she was transferred to be the empress of the most brilliant court in the world. Then suddenly the scene shifts, and from that top of the tower she is hurled, to become, not a wan-derer, but the guest of Great Britain. And now as a widowed mother, she reaches the great height of all. In all her glory she was not as great as she is to-day in her desolation. Over the noise of the artillery I hear the bell of the Catholic chapel, and I hear the sound of another bell. It is the bell of

there was neither Protestant nor Cath-olic there. The priests of the church of England and the priests of the church of Rome shed tears together.

Buck beer is demoralizing in its ten-dency when it moveth itself aright. It layeth hold of the intellect, and twisteth it out of shape. My son, go not with them who go to seek buck beer, for at last it sting-eth like the brocaded hornet with the redhot narrative, and kicketh like the choleric male.

Who hath woe? Who hath bab-bling? Who hath redness of eyes? He that goeth to seek the schooner of

when the middle watch of the night hath come to wind up the clock with the 15 puzzle? He that kicketh against the buck beer and getteth left.

Verity, the buckness of the buck beer bucketh with a mighty buck, in so much that the buckee riseth at the noon hour with a head that compasseth the town round about, and the swellness thereof waxeth more and more, even from Dan to Beer—Sheta. (Current joke in the Holy Land.)

Who clamoreth with a loud voice and saith: "Verily, am not I a bad man?" Who is he that waiketh unsteadily and singeth unto himself, "The Bright Angels are Waiting for

SOUTHERN COLORADO.

TRINIDAD, Cot., May 24, 1880.

The past week has been an eve one for Las Animas county, and has carried sorrow and death into at least two homes, while wounds were inflict-ed on a number of others, giving the ed on a number of others, giving the doctors plenty of work, and carrying out the truth of the old saying that "its an ill wind that blows nobody good."

On Saturday, 15th, on the San Francisco, 30 miles cast of here, an officer named Bransferd, in the discharge of his duty, received thirteen shot, mostly in the face. The wounds are not dangerous, but he will carry the marks to his grave. The shooting was done by an Italian who owns a ranch that came at the head of the main irrigating ditch. The Italian attempted to keep the water by ferce, and not allow any of the others to use it. The superintendent of the ditch entered complaint before a Justice of the Peace, who issued a summons for the Italian to appear and answer complaint, which the latter refused to do. An order of arrest was then issued, and, in serving the order, the constable was shot. The Italian is still at large, having vamosed.

kept by two Italians, on main street, occurred a fracus, which nearly teroccurred a fracus, which nearly terminated fatally, and it was only by a scratch that at least one of the participants (both of whom are Italians), was not called upon to "canter up the flume." The cause, as writers tell us nine times out of ten, was a woman. One of the men received two shotsone in the leg and the other in the arm; the other had his head almost crushed in with a large bar-room stove poker.

On Monday there was a quarrel and a fight on the lower Apispipa, 25 miles

On Monday there was a quarrel and a fight on the lower Apispipa, 25 miles from here, in which two men met their fate. Both were Mexicans, by name Juan P. Baca and his uncle. Sabino Gonzales. The other party to the dreadful occurrence were Wm. H. Sparks and his brother Arthur Sparks, Americans. The cause of the difficulty was one poor lamb. A number of Baca's sheep were in Spark's corral, along with the latter's sheep. Baca on Monday came over to pick them out, and the Sparks party met the Mexicans and both went to work in an apparently amiable manner, picking out the Baca sheep and turning them out of the corral. When all the easily distinguished ones had been picked out, Baca said that Sparks (W. H.) and himself would look through the flock and ascertain if there were any more of his sheep 'here. The investigation and ascertain it there were any more of his sheep there. The investigation continued for some time, apparently friendly, when Baca picked up a last year's lamb. Sparks said something to which Baca replied, and the two men clinched, and after a short tussle pistols were called into play. Baca was shot in the left cheek and through ly. Sparks received a severe scall wound. How Gonzales met his death is a mystery, as he was on the outside of the corral, on one side, while the other Sparks was on the other. In fact mystery enshrouds the whole affair. Did Baca go to the Sparks camp bent on mischief and got the worst of it? or was he enticed there and a quartel worked up? are questions which agi-tate the people here. And one strange thing about it is that the Sparks Brothers are missing and reported not to be

A MATHEMATICAL MYSTERY.

Every man who has intrusted to a woman the work of manufacturing shirt has had painful experience of her inability to comprehend the importance of accurate measurement, Mr. Smith, for example, permits Mrs. Smith to make a new shirt, to be modeled precisely after an old one, which measures, say, fifteen inches around the neck. When the new garment is completed, Mr. Smith finds that it chokes him, and he calls his wife's at his military education he voluntecred in that unrighteons war which, as usual, Great Britain is waging in the East. England's flag is typical—a cross emblazoned on a ground of blood. If there has ever been a kingdom on earth where there was any grace and power of the cross, it has been Great Britain; and if there has ever been a nation that has deluged the world in blood, it has been Great Britain. The cross on the field of blood, therefore, is most emblarmatic and typical. This ference between them." Nothing could more foreibly illustrate woman's total incapacity to grasp the importance of accurate measurements. A being who believes that a thirteen-inch band will fit a fifteen inch neck with as much accuracy as if the band were two inches longer, is born with measure. As a rule, women decline to recognize the authorty of yard-stick. measuring-tapes and other standards, and place a pathetic faith in their per-sonal fingers and thumbs. They have constructed for their own use certain tables which pretended that the upper joint of the thumb is exactly an inch in length, and that the width of three fingers is an inch and a-haif. These are the only measures which they will use when seeking to acertain the length of a piece of piping cork or the width of a skirt-breadth. It is needless to say that they are thus led into constant error. The female fingers and thumbs are not constant quanti-ties, so far as their length and breadth ards of measurement is as absurd as it would be to assume that the human would be to assume that the human foot is always twelve inches in length, whether it be the New York or the Chicago foot. What is very odd is the fact in the department of cockery women make an elaborate pretense of their regard for careful measurement. They have rules for finding the exact quantity of each article that enters into the composition of any perticular the Protestant church of that parish.
Why did not some lightning blast and
smite that bell that dared to toil at a
Catholic funeral? Thanks be to God, quantity of each article that enters into the composition of any perticular
dish. For instance, their cooking liturgies prescribe that in making cake
one must take a cup of flour, six cups
of butter, two dozen eggs, three cups
of salt, a tempoonful of indigo, a tablespoonful of starch, and three cups
of molasses. But do they ever follow of molasses. But do they ever follow this rule? It is notorious that they pay no attention to it. When a wo-man undertakes to make cake she takes what she calls "enough" flour, and to this she saids "a little" indigo, starch, and salt, and stirs into it about as much butter and mojasses "as in needed." Of course, the result is ciways unforessen. It may turn out clways unforcescen. It may turn out that the compound thus made is cake, and it may prove to be rice pudding. The woman herself has not the least idea what it will be. With the printed rule for take manufacture lying before her, one would suppose that it would be impossible for her to produce anything but cake, but in actual practice she utterly secuts the rule, and makes her mysterious compound by the light of nature, and bundby trusts that it will not come out of the oven as sausage or boiled ham.

When Patti wakes in the morning

When Patti wakes in the morning, writes a paris correspondent of the New Orients Picayana, the first thing she does is to baw! as leastly as also can "Caro!" She says she hawle to see how strong her voice is. "Caro!" is Caroline, her maid servant. Capobrings a how! of cream and chocolate, which Patti sips in bed, meantime running her eye over the morning papers. She refuses to talk until after her how! of chocolate has been emptied. If she is to appear in public in the evening, at 11 A. M. she cals a hearty breakfast of eggs and care becforeak, never vegetables, and drinks Bordeaux wine diluted with seltzer water. Then she goes to bed and sieega until 4 P. M. Then she dresses, and, if the weather is fair, rides in a carriage for one hour, returns bosse, practices singing for an hour, then rests. When it is time to the super you should see her the to earth's good things! she has not to face the facility enjoys a hearty breakfast, a dinner and a hearty supper done roast heef, underdone beet triat potatoes and spinach wit juice, not gravy, but the juice flows from roast heef as the later as her faces is disher.